

*Prin.* O my sweete beefe, I must stil be good Angell to thee,  
the money is payd backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do  
it with vawasht hands too.

*Bar.* Doe, my Lord.

*Prin.* I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had bene of horte. Where shall I find one that  
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-  
bout: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I  
prayse them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar. My Lord.*

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,  
To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

*Goe, Peto*, to horte: for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke*, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue  
Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lye.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hesseffe*, my breakfast, come,  
Oh, I could wish this rauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breake vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you therof I can  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he leifure to bee sicke

In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth hee keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure hence,

Hee was much feard by his Phisicion.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation,

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne;

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possist

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sickness, is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perillous gash, a very litame lopt off,

And yet, in faith it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our States,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The